

Star Trek Halo AU: The Argent Destiny

by Evident Disaster

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Summary: The galaxy is a vast place, and anything can happen. The Federation encounters the alternate universe of the UCAF. Upon the encounter of the UCAF, a whole new universe is brought to the Federation and the galaxy. What comes soon is war, one which the galaxy has never seen its kind. Join the galaxy in the greatest struggle yet. Chapter 3, the wheel of fate is in motion. Enjoy...

1. Chapter 1

Star Trek Halo AU: The Argent Destiny

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AN: This is a short crossover one which would become something much larger in the future for now it's just something just of interest. Halo Alternate Universe which I created meets the universe of Star Trek, how these two react to each other will be very different.

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CH1: Where the Tides rise

Date: UCAF Standard: 22/3/2551

Location: Daedalus Line: Sector 223-434-134/ Articus Cluster/ Arcius Sigma

UCAF Officer Log: 1432

It is to my relief that the battle of Arcius has been won, both within the depths of space and on the surface of the besieged world, it was a close call since the Covenant had nearly wiped the colony out with their Type-91 energy projector cannon. The shields of the

capital city 'Tharicus' managed to hold out long enough for us to make a pass around orbit and bring the full might of all our MACs to bear upon the lone super cruiser.

But still the sight below still irks me and all those who serve under my command, the damage to the colony of Arcius has been hefty, over 3 million dead and countless others still missing from the outer edges of the colony's main settlements. It will not be an easy recovery for the colony of Arcius, but it will still recover in time.

Since the start of the massive Argent Assault led by Supreme Commander Icarus, the Covenant in this sector of space has become unpredictable; a vast majority of the Covenant forces in this region follow by any leadership unless they are loyal to individual officers. But overall there is no chance of being attacked outright by a large determined force aside from splinter fleets, such as the one which hit Arcius.

The Covenant are expected to lose further cohesion as the UCAF dedicate further resources into fighting them, nearly 1/3rd of the entire UCAF Naval Forces in this region alone have been deployed into the push against the Covenant. 2 million ships all dedicated to the fight against the remaining Covenant loyalists.

Of course even on the best estimates made by the UCAFs Office of Military Intelligence, the war would undoubtedly continue for years to come, but it was looking a lot brighter than before, the Covenant's leadership was dead and a good portion of its remaining forces no longer believed in their cause or were hostile against it.

It put the UCAF in a very favourable position to continue its forward momentum in taking the lost colonies and annihilating as much of the Covenant as possible. Of course the process would be arduously long and painstaking in terms of resources, but it would be done either way, there really wasn't that much of an option in terms of dealing with the Covenant, they'd find purchase on any worlds left unmonitored and cause further problems if they didn't tidy up properly.

For now I should return back to my command, there is the matter of a simple clean-up operation on the 3rd moon of Arcius, mainly just a few holdouts of Covenant loyalists causing trouble for the UCAF militia and Marine Corps. It should pose too great a problem to handle.

/END LOG/

The sudden beeping from the intercom broke the Commodore from his journal as he finished. "Yes." He replied as he activated his wrist com on his Nova tool interface. "Commodore Vance you are required on the bridge, we have an update on the situation on Arcius's moon, and it's looking 'interesting'." The Acquired Intelligence, AI, Tirane said aptly in her usual inquisitive tone.

He understood and replied coolly. "I'll be up there in a minute."

He closed the com and then got dressed; he had his dark officer pants still on along with the micro-fibre weave skin suit top, he pulled his uniform shirt on and covered it over in the thick blast and

fireproof shirt and added jacket. The symbol of the UCAF a proud black hawk with the sword of Elysium gripped in its talons pointed downwards was embellished with a clear red and gold background.

He placed his cap on his head and added his signature rank badges and medals on his breast pocket before checking his look in his room's crystal steel mirror. He always thought the mirror was a bit of vanity, he never really liked the idea of bringing it because it was simply too indulgent, and a bit of a pain to move from ship to ship.

But still he took it with him thanks to his mother's insistence on carrying on his family's heritage, his great ancestor first had it made during the First Colonial War, intending to carry it to whatever theatre of war he went to. He almost lost it once, but regained it thanks to a crazy mercenary he hired to join him in a precision raid.

It's been through a lot, considering it has been around for centuries, its gold frame worn away and most of the steel alloy structure of the inside had seen better days. But it was still useable, to say the least. Vance looked at himself in the mirror; at first he was a little surprised, still dreary from his last battle not a day ago.

He expected to find the look of the young man who joined the UCAF Navy 11 years ago, the auburn haired teen with vigour and excitement in his emerald eyes, ready to get going on with the war and fight for the human race against the genocidal alien homogeny known as the Covenant. He was expecting to see the unmarred skin of light tan with a few freckles.

But now that he looked into it 11 years later, he was greeted by the look of a very different person, his eyes had gone darker, his specific species of human's skin turned pale and scarred, and a long scar ran down his left cheek, the burns of plasma still present on his neck when he was shot by a Skirmisher specialist on Theron.

His memories of the past still remained to haunt him regardless of where he went, and so did the ghosts of his past, one such ghost was quite real. He blinked to find 'her' staring at him through the mirror. "My, my how handsome you've turned out." Nyx cooed as she pulled his face to her in the mirror.

"Quit it Nyx, you know better than that." He replied gruffly as he pulled his head from her holographic grasp.

"_Oh you, you never change James, all these years and I still haven't given up."_ She replied with a smile.

"And I never will." James replied adamantly.

James recalled when he first met her, the Goddess of Death, Nyx the Reaper, she was one of the Matron AIs of war, she wasn't released until the war started and then she's been picking the best humans she believed to be truly masters in the art of war. Or at least those who would prove to be brilliant tacticians or fierce soldiers unbeatable in battle, to her it didn't matter.

She loved to tease him when she could, she was of course beautiful,

being tall slender with a curvy body, she possessed long raven hair which blew in an invisible wind. She had an inhuman difference though, her eyes were black with silver irises in their place to tell the difference that she wasn't human, and also the fact that she floated wherever she went.

One interesting little fact was that Matron AIs were tasked to record each battle of each individual and their life long accomplishments. And also it was to ensure they could tell stories of the individual in accuracy, up till they died of course, this was one of the larger functions, to report back when their selected favourite dies.

This fairly grim trait is what defines the Matrons as bad omens to soldiers and to officers, being selected by one is likely a very bad thing, either you'll soon meet your end, or you'll fight through a thousand unimaginably tremendous battles and then die, or usually you live and keep them entertained and pleased with your work.

James's situation was of the latter most reasons, he had survived dozens of battles and hundreds of engagements with the covenant, and he survived or pulled through each one, with usually light or moderate losses. The tactics he used however were significantly more audacious and bold than that of his peers, which defines him more of a man who takes the fight against his enemy seriously and more gruellingly.

As he did a quick clean of his face, with some moisturiser and clearing-gel, he proceeded out of his room, Nyx was quick to follow behind him, ensuring no one would dare to step in his path. He found Nyx's presence not so much annoying as it was more distracting and oddly comforting; he had grown fond of the AI pestering him when he made a statement about her.

Nyx thankfully never stayed with him too long, she knew when to go away since his duties required him to think clearly and straight and not need to be blocked by her antics. As he headed through the deck of his ship he was greeted by dozens of personnel walking about, some bowing their heads curtly or saluting.

Many showed no signs of fear or dismay at the appearance of Nyx, only the new blood members of the crew and troops would usually show the more obvious signs of unease in the presence of Nyx, the exception are Helldivers, they never show fear at all. As Vance passed to the next deck by stairs he was greeted by his Chief Engineer.

The bald deep earthen skinned engineer greeted him happily. "Sir I've got a full report from all the repair teams and an update on our weapon systems."

Vance nodded, pleased with the news. "Good, let's hear it Kenneth." He stated while they walked to the elevators.

"The outer hull plating on the damaged sections have been repaired, also we have replaced all of the ablative hull plating from the forward section and aft, the damaged plates have been recycled and we are now coordinating efforts in getting one of the structural ribs back into place, it seems to have taken light stress damage from our last fight." Kenneth paused before he changed his data slate's contents to the next page.

>"Ok, as for weapons, our main MACs are all repaired, forward Ultra

MAC has not sustained damage, and our missile pods have been replaced, I got Turner fixing the last of the rail batteries and interceptor guns. The particle cannons are prepped and ready for another round, and so have the drones, Jake's busy getting ready for the next fight." He finished.<p>

James threw him a glance before replying. "Very well, what's the status of the rest of our fleet?" He asked the Chief Engineer.

Kenneth flipped through his data-slate interface which linked straight into his Nova tool, he searched and compiled the total data in a few moments, it was usually a good thing to have men like Kenneth, Cyrillions were bio-machine humans of course being so gave them a greater advantage in terms of many things.

"Sir I've gone through the reports and I have determined that all ships are up to our condition, 45 ships all prepared and ready for action." Kenneth replied with a grin.

"Good, get back to your station Kenneth we're soon to go into another battle probably very soon." James stated as he entered into the elevator, he hit the switch for the bridge.

"So can you tell me what plans you have for dealing with the Covenant on the Arcius moon?" Nyx inquired.

"Nothing yet Nyx, we still have to know exactly what we're going up against, Tirane only said that I was needed on the bridge." He replied as they reached the level.

As the doors opened to the command deck he walked straight through the grey metal hall to the CIC, upon entering, he was greeted by the salutes of the security team at the door, he walked by the main tactical display table where the tacticians and operators worked, they had done all they could to learn about what move the Covenant would make, and counter.

James reached the main bridge where he was then met by his next in command. "Captain Anders, what's this about the Acarius's third moon?" He asked the young officer.

Anders replied plainly. "We don't know, all we know is that a massive energy build up occurred on the moon's surface just about 30 minutes ago, and it's been steadily building up, our scanners can't penetrate the surface thanks to the planet's thick ferrocite layer, the energy stored in the ferrocite is causing the sensors to scramble when we try." Anders brought up a holographic representation within the main bridge's holo-display; it was a full sized image of the region indicated by red markers.

He highlighted a region and continued. "And we aren't having too much luck with our other sensors either, aside from seismographs. From what the vibrations are telling us, either they're trying to drill into the surface of the planet, or they're trying to move the whole continent into orbit." He said as the vibrations came into scale, they came up as at least 8 on the Richter scale.

"How long has this been going on for?" James inquired aptly.

"At least within the last hour, that was just as the energy spike became noticeable." Anders replied with a small shrug.

"Commodore, I'm getting something interesting here." Tirane stated as she materialised, her crisp white hair flowing around her as she floated to the display and changed it to a diagram of what she found.

"There are high Chekov radiation counts coming from the surface, it's getting larger as the energy increases, it's fairly small right now, but that's only because the ferrocite is absorbing most of the radiation, but from what I and the others can tell, it's supposed to be much higher. At least 100,000 times what we're reading right now." Tirane stated with a slight look of concern.

"What the hell is the Covenant doing?" Anders perplexed as he looked over the readings. It was then Nyx appeared and stated. "How about the possibility that they are trying to escape?"

"Yeah, that would make sense if only it was a whole damn fleet, but from what we're reading the energy is coming from just one location barely 10km in diameter, if they were trying to escape, why do it in the crust of a planet?" Anders asked Nyx with a questioning look in his eyes.

"How do I know, the Covenant are letting off a wash of radiation enough to cause a slip-space tear, so what else could they be doing?" Nyx rolled her eyes.

It was then it suddenly hit Vance, he looked at the display and began to formulate what the chances were of a slip-space rift opening there. He immediately asked Tirane. "Tirane, what are the odds of a slip-space rift being opened while inside of a planet?"

"There is a 80% chance of successful activation, however the rift would need to be in an open space like a very large cavern, unless you have a slip-space drive rigged to some very large subspace array, and have a substantially enormous level of energy, then nothing could be done." She stated as she checked over the theories of slip-space.

"What's this all about? Why would the Covenant bother to use a slip-space drive in the crust of a planet?" Anders asked with a slight amount of confusion.

"Because, when have Covenant ever surrendered? They're not trying to escape, they're trying to open up an unstable slip-space rift, large enough to destroy us and themselves in one go." Vance stated as he thought out the process of such an enormous undertaking.

"That's pretty insane." Anders stated as he thought it over.

"I'd admit it, but it makes sense, why not martyr themselves into history rather than face defeat?" Tirane stated while she began to make the necessary calls to the rest of their fleet.

"Damn Covenant never cease to disappoint me, they're so typical. Just kill themselves in a fashion they think is best, even as bitter as this." Nyx stated while the fleet began to break from low orbit.

"Sir I'm getting a surge of radiation, it's going off the charts, damn I think it's too late, the Covenant's slip-space drive must be going beyond maximum capacity, it's going to overload well before we escape to a safe distance." Tirane stated as she continued to monitor the build-up of energy.

"What's the reach of a total slip-space cascade?" He asked.

"Nothing good, at the moment I can determine that it's going to cover everything in 1,000,000km within its maximum range, but we won't get out for at least another 2 minutes, the rupture would catch up to us before we could escape." She replied as she calculated.

"What about jumping to slip-space ourselves then?" Anders asked as he took his command seat and strapped himself in.

"Probably wouldn't work, we didn't pre-set any coordinates and doing so would take too much time, even a short jump won't make work in this situation." Tirane stated in a focused tone.

"Well then I'm open for options." Nyx stated.

The other officers on the bridge looked at each other before they received a communications from engineering. "This is Kenneth, I've been linked with the network, I've heard what the situation is, and I got the others in engineering with a fairly simple idea.

Vance looked over to Anders who shrugged, Vance let him speak. "Go ahead Kenneth."

"We need to charge our slip-space drive, once then we can ensure the blast from the slip-space drive would force us also into slip-space, we'll be protected by our shields and also subspace fields, and they'll let us pass into slip-space hopefully intact." Kenneth stated as he began to charge the ship's slip-space drive in anticipation for the eventual shockwave.

Vance didn't see much of an option and Tirane looked over it. "It is a better option than anything we can come up with sir, and the drive is about to detonate in approximately 30 seconds."

"Do it, and pass the message on to the rest of the fleet to begin charging slip-space drives for the shockwave, all crewmen are to brace themselves and all troops are to be holding onto something tight, this is likely going to be an uncomfortable ride." Vance stated as he checked on the inertial dampeners across the ship.

Kenneth managed to get the slip-space atonement done and sent it across the fleet just 15 seconds left to spare; Tirane began to ensure all of the bulkheads were partly closed for the incoming impact. As the time came, they reached about 750,000km and just when the rupture occurred. It was a slight ripple which seemed to encompass the space around them, and then it changed, shifted and vibrated.

"Here it comes." Tirane announced.

Vance hoped that Kenneth wasn't wrong about this, as the rupture's

event horizon caught up with the fleet, they were encompassed by a bright light which seemed to momentarily blind them. It was then they felt the ship begin to shudder and shake, it was like the world was being tossed around them.

And then there was a feeling of weightlessness, and finally nothingâ€|

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Location: Alpha Quadrant- Bajor- High Orbit: Deep Space Nine

Stardate: 48767.3

It's been over a week since the escapade with the double of Commander Riker, Thomas Riker and the attempted hijacking of the USS Defiant, thanks to Major Kira Nerys stopping the plot before it could compromise the safety of the Federation. Though it was over, it did result in Deep Space 9 having to assign further security to the Defiant till things calmed down.

However it seemed things weren't going to stay as calm as people hoped. It was soon to pick up once more and escalate a lot furtherâ€|

In the command centre of the former Cardassian station, there was a dull drone of activity as morning progressed, lately people seemed put off by the whole Dominion war and the most recent events, of course the latter already been dealt with, there was a still tension that remained. And that tension was about to break.

The teal uniformed officer at the science station in the command centre looked over the console readouts, it was then there was a sudden beeping from one of the long range subspace sensors. "What theâ€|" She muttered as she looked over the readouts. If these readouts were correct something was happening, very far away, and it wasn't normal.

"O'Brian, did you check the sensor feeds yesterday?" The science officer asked a yellow and black suited man with a robust figure.

O'Brian who had been checking over some conduits pulled away from work and replied. "Yes, I double checked them yesterday, there weren't any problems." He replied with a slight tone of confusion.

"Well from what I'm getting from our long range sensors there's a tremendous build-up of subspace energy emanating about a hundred light years from our position, whatever's causing it is sending enormous amounts of energy through." Her readouts suddenly skyrocketed. "It's spiking, counting a massive surge of Chekov radiation, they're reaching over ten million and they aren't levelling off."

O'Brian looked at her in shock, as did some other members of the crew. It was then the doors to the office of the station commander opened up, the officer in charge was the ever humble Captain Benjamin Sisko. "Dax, what's going on?" He asked as he looked around

inquisitively.

"Well that's what I'm trying to figure out, there's an enormous radiation spike roughly a few dozen light years from our position, but from what I can tell it's also the source of a massive amount of subspace concentrations." Dax replied whilst overviewing the continual stream of information.

It was then the Bajoran liaison officer arrived; she appeared somewhat distracted on arrival but turned to focus on what was going on. "Captain, what's the situation?" She asked as she noticed the display screen of the station which was now focused on the anomalous source began to read through the details of the anomaly.

"Haven't got a clue Major, but from what we can tell it's acting completely different from any other source of subspace we've ever witnessed." Sisko replied as Dax continued to try and scan the anomaly.

Kira took her station nearby and O'Brian got to trying to help Dax solve the mysterious subspace burst. As they continued to receive further data from the anomaly it finally seemed that the subspace field finally let loose whatever was coming through. "Sir, it's the subspace source, it's causing a massive gravimetric field." Dax stated as she continued to read the data coming through, she grew concerned as she read something else.
>"Sir I think there's a wormhole opening." Dax stated as she looked at the readout.<p>

Sisko exclaimed. "What?"

"I don't know, but it's telling me that a subspace rift or something similar has become quite active, whatever's coming through its pretty large." She stated whilst looking at the details of the subspace data.

Sisko looked at the anomaly in itself trying to figure out the cause of such a thing, whatever was creating it was coming through, and it was causing quite a stir, that was for sure. He decided to check something. "Dax is there any nearby starship within reach of the anomaly?"

Dax checked the logs, but found nothing. "Nothing, there's no Starfleet vessel within our region; we're currently the only ones within reach at the moment." Dax stated as she checked their records.

"It won't be too long before Starfleet asks us to go investigate." Sisko said to himself. He looked over at his present staff and decided to take action. "O'Brian could you and the other members of the crew meet me at the Defiant within the next half hour." He interrupted before O'Brian objected. "I know that the Defiant isn't really capable of dealing with anything serious, but this does still merit a closer examination."

O'Brian got his moment and said. "I was actually going to ask, do we need anything specific for this?"

"Dax, could you assist O'Brian in retrieving the necessary equipment for our trip?" He asked her.

Dax got off the console and let another science officer take over.
"Yes sir." She replied and headed off with O'Brian down to the lower levels.

"Ok, Kira you have the station, if Starfleet contacts you, tell them I'm on my way to investigate this anomaly with a few of my senior staff and the Defiant, we won't be gone for long." Sisko said to the Bajoran officer.

"Understood." She replied and watched Sisko and his team depart for the Defiant.

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Laterâ€¦

The Defiant finally got loose from DS9's clutch and into open space, their arrival to the anomaly wouldn't take too long, their excursion wasn't intended to take much longer anyway. All that they were going to do was try and scan the anomaly or at least get a better visual on what was currently unfolding at the anomaly itself.

Sisko sat in his Captain's chair carefully observing their approach to the anomaly, how this strange occurrence was even possible was considerably complex, to a point where even Dax seemed puzzled by, and probably most educated members of the Starfleet Scientific Research department would also be confounded by the anomalous source of subspace.

"Dax how much further are we from the source of the anomaly?" Sisko asked.

"Not much further, though I think we're going to have to stop about one million kilometres out from the source, whatever's causing this whole mess is likely going to scramble our sensor readings if we get too close to the anomaly." Dax stated as the Defiant continued to scan the anomaly.

"Hey out of curiosity, do you think someone's trying to come through that 'wormhole' that's been created?" O'Brian asked.

"That's a distinct possibility; I mean whatever's occurring is pretty serious regardless. These readings from what I can tell defy normal physics, and well they seem to be partially in tune with subspace theory and engineering. I can't imagine who would have this level of power to make such enormous subspace fields and create an artificial wormhole." Dax stated as they finally got close enough.

"Ok we're dropping out of warp, just outside the range of the gravimetric field's intensity, this should allow us to make some recordings and get going in the event that the gravimetric fields threaten to overwhelm the ship." O'Brian stated while he looked over the integrity of the ship.

It was then Dax finally got something, something very big.

>"Gravimetric spike, but it's not expanding, it's intensifying. I think our visitors have arrived." Dax stated as she continued to run the scans.<p>

In a brilliant flash of light, the crew watched at maximum magnification of the event horizon of the subspace anomaly begin to finally take shape. It was blinding at first, but it suddenly receded and then there was a whole mess of things occurring, as the subspace rift opened up as greatly as it could, and soon it covered a good portion of their screen.

"What's going on?" Sisko asked Dax.

"No idea, it looks like there's something coming through, it's taken a proper form and it's big, really big!" Dax suddenly stopped uttering as the gravimetric fields stabilised and the rift's event horizon let something through.

She observed intently on figuring out what was going on aside from a mass of subspace energy being focused into one area, not to mention the source of the energy was quite staggering. It was only when it came through that the members of the USS Defiant came face to face with what they thought was some sort of building at first.

But as the object took shape, they suddenly realised that whatever was coming out of the anomaly it was a ship. It was a massive oblong shaped vessel bulky in every way shape and form, but also streamlined to making every shape seamless in its overall design. It wasn't the only thing that came out of it though, there were other ships following alongside the massive vessel.

Dozens of ships of all sizes much larger than that of the Defiant were pouring out of the subspace anomaly. The crew were surprised at what they were seeing; it wasn't your average day to be watching massive vessels popping out from subspace. Dax began to run an analysis of the ships that had just appeared.

>"Sir, I'm trying to scan the ships, but I'm getting nothing."<p>

Sisko turned his attention back to Dax and inquired. "Is it the heavy concentrations of subspace and radiation that's scrambling the sensors?"

"No I don't think that's it, from what I can tell, we're at a safe distance to preform scans on the anomaly and the ships. But from what I'm getting, the subspace rift is now closing, but the ships, I can't scan them." Dax explained. "I think they've got some sort of protective barrier designed to stop anyone from scanning their ship."

Sisko then looked over to O'Brian who was still a little awed by the whole arrival of the mysterious vessels; he broke the awe from the Chief Engineer. "O'Brian can you get anything on your end?"

O'Brian complied, but he turned back with a slightly disappointed shrug. "Nothing sir, there's barely anything to register from this 'fleet'. No warp signature or anything that can be really considered one."

Dax did make one small analysis. "Sir I did manage to get a count on total vessels currently in range, and from what it can tell there are 42 ships here, all of which are a lot bigger than us." She said plainly.

"What about the biggest ship in this fleet?" Sisko asked.

Dax ran a visual comparison. "The largest vessel in this fleet is at least 32 kilometres in length, over 4 kilometres in height, breadth is around 6 and it seems to have a number of additional sections and protrusions across its hulls which would add plenty more length. But that's the gist of the main ship." She analysed.

"Sir I think it might be prudent we get out of here, we should report back to Starfleet command, I'm sure they'd get a kick out of this." O'Brian said.

"I don't doubt that, but what I do doubt is whether or not our new neighbours are as welcoming as they look." Sisko said as he considered departing.

But as luck would have it, things were to play out on their own. "Sir, I'm reading an enormous amounts of energy, it's coming directly from the fleet of ships. It seems that they're finally turning their attention to us." Dax said in a little bit of alarm.

Sisko saw the ships turning around to face the Defiant, their hulls brightening up, whole sections lit up and shone as brightly as some of the stars, but not only that, there was an abundance of lights being focused on the Defiant. Sisko had a feeling that they had just met another much militarised race, one which seemed to be quite utilitarian.

"Captain we're being hailed." A com officer reported.

Sisko took his seat and prepared himself for this inevitable first contact, what he didn't know what who he was about to meet and the people alongside this person and how they were going to change the galaxy for better or for worse.

"On screen." He nodded to the com officer.

In the blink of an eye, he came face to face with an astute looking man. His hair was a faded colour of auburn, his eyes looked cold and steeled like that of a predatory bird, his face was scarred all over, the more noticeable being the scar on his left cheek. His eyes were dark and cold, but they had the look of determination.

This was a man of considerable strength from what Sisko could tell, he was without a doubt the officer in charge of the fleet, but what got him was that the individual in question was human. Before he began his greeting, the officer spoke in calm and directed tone.

>"I am Commodore James Vance of the UCAF 882nd Interceptor Fleet, we have seemingly appeared to be lost, and with you and your vessel in range, I saw it prudent to contact you." Vance stated simply.<p>

Sisko didn't know whether or not this officer was being so direct, he had a feeling that this man would have undoubtedly just brushed him off and took his fleet to wherever they wanted to go. Sisko knew of first contacts with certain isolated humans, but it usually doesn't start with the Federation being less advanced than the humans in question.

>"Greetings Commodore, I'm Captain Benjamin Sisko, captain of the Federation Starship USS Defiant, and also commander in charge of a station nearby. We came here investigating an anomaly, and well we found you." Sisko said plainly and simply.<p>

Vance raised an eye and shook his head. "By anomaly I'm assuming you mean our little appearance from subspace?" He asked.

Sisko replied. "Yes."

"Well simply put that was not caused by us, an enemy stuck themselves into a heavily entrenched position and detonated their FTL drive in hopes to wiping us out, but we outsmarted them, or so we hoped. We didn't exactly anticipate this kind of effect." Vance shrugged absently and then continued. "Where exactly might my fleet be right now?" Vance inquired.

"You're in the Milky Way, and you are currently in the Alpha Quadrant fairly close between the Cardassian and Federation border." Sisko replied before asking. "Why exactly do you need to know?" He said in a curious tone.

"Well let's see, first of all I don't even know where to begin, secondly you'd might not believe me if I told you and finally, let's just say, as the commanding officer of this fleet there's no doubt that this is something I've never been prepared for." Vance stated with a passive tone, it was calm but also truthful.

Sisko could sympathise with uncertain scenarios, but it seemed that someone else had detected the arrival of the UCAF fleet and were well on their way here. Dax received the incoming warp signature of approaching vessels. "Sir, there are incoming vessels, their warp signatures are Cardassian, and all are Galor class warships." Dax stated with a tinge of concern.

Sisko let out a slight sigh and muttered. "Just wonderfulâ€|" He turned his attention back to Commodore Vance. "I'm sorry to cut this short, however we have a few expected guests on their way here."

Vance understood. "We can take care of ourselves, although we do not know much about this region of space. I do want to know, who are these Cardassians you are referring to?" Vance asked.

Sisko wasn't sure about informing him about the nature of Cardassians, but he'd rather not let the newcomers unintentionally start a war. "Our neighbours, they signed a treaty with us some time ago after a war, they are at times arrogant and usually confident in themselves. I'd advise you be careful when addressing them."

Vance didn't really change his expression and simply nodded. It wasn't long until the arrival of the Cardassian vessels. Sisko took some time prior to prepare the ship to engage in the event things didn't go so well. 3 Galor class warships appeared each with their blocky winged ship with pointed tails and hammer head prows took position nearby.

Sisko ordered. "Hail them."

In the blink of an eye the screen changed from Vance to the smug and

usually deplored face of a certain Cardassian officer that Sisko had encountered on more than one occasion. "Gul Dukat, what brings you here?" Sisko asked with a fake smile and a slightly condescending tone.

Dukat knew that Sisko was screwing with him and immediately got to the point. "Oh please don't bother trying to hide the enormous fleet of vessels sitting right in front of you; it's not like you to evade something like this. Our ships as well as a few long range sensor stations picked up the massive surge of subspace energy and since my ship and a couple of others were nearby on patrol, they redirected us here as quickly as possible."

"Oh, so I can assume that the Cardassian Union has some interest in our new arrivals?" Sisko asked.

"Well you sure do, we noticed the ships seemed to turn to face you, and they haven't fired at you so I can assume that you've spoken with them?" Dukat replied in turn.

Sisko gave a slight shrug. "Possibly, they really don't have much to say aside from the fact that they were inquiring as to where they were and who we are, but aside from that, they haven't exactly asked anything else."

It was then Vance decided to interject, he had enough of this.
>"Ok I think that's enough, I don't want to waste another 3 hours sitting here in the middle of nowhere, if you don't mind I'd advise you both leave this area and come back tomorrow. My patience is starting to wear thin and my fleet needs time to reciprocate before we try any further discussion." Vance said plainly and clearly.<p>

Dukat was taken a slightly off by the sudden appearance of Vance, and also the fact that the screens had been suddenly split in half to fit Vance in, Sisko was a bit surprised if not a bit annoyed, he had hoped to stall for more time so Starfleet could get back to him quicker. But seeing as how Vance was getting frustrated, that was probably a bad idea.

"Commodore Vance, coming back tomorrow seems slightly precarious considering your fleet dropped out into reach of Bajoran space, not to mention that you have Dukat who is very likely to report this back to the Cardassian Central Command, they'll likely send a whole armada of ships to the border if they see your arrival as aggressive." Sisko said with calm tone.

Dukat faked offence. "Me sending the Central Command that the arrival of such massive ships as aggressive? I'd never do such a thing, their arrival is a mystery, though I do wish to know, why are there humans in command of these vessel?" Dukat asked.

"That's a much more complicated story." Vance replied.

"So I see. Well this puts me at a slight predicament. As much as I'd like to know right away, I should indeed report this back to the Central Command. Please excuse me." Dukat said before closing the channel.

Dax then informed Sisko. "All Cardassian ships are departing."

Sisko was glad that Dukat wasn't going to start a shouting war over the arrival of Vance's fleet, but this had just added another additional layer of problems. The Union was undoubtedly going to send more ships to the border and the Federation was bound to respond. He took a deep breath before getting back to Vance.

"Well I guess this is going to be another interesting week, Commodore Vance, things are about to get hectic." Sisko said plainly.

"Yes I can see that fairly clearly. As for you Captain Sisko, I think we should meet face to face, besides I'd like to see what exactly you people are like." Vance said with a slight grin.

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AN: That is the first encounter next chapter will all be about the first meeting between the two universes and how things develop. I haven't a clue as to what should be done about making things move along more smoothly and also I'm fairly tired. And yeah the UCAF meeting the Federation and various other factions would add some flavour and drama.

And also throwing in some interesting encounters with nearly xenophobic humans of a war torn universe meeting aliens and humans of another, this is going to be a fun exchange of words.

2. Chapter 2

CH2: Where Tides flow

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AN: Things will be addressed in time please keep that in mind, I did plan this story out so don't worry too much on details. There is also going to be a load of differing views between those of the UCAF and the Federation.

Okay, I did some research into warp technology and now I suddenly feel sort of stupid for not doing so much sooner, it seems I may have actually rushed ahead. As what I learnt was that 100 light years seems to be too far for the Defiant to reach in 10 hours. Max warp in 2370s were only capable of reaching their location much longer than what I've read from other fics. (I should have seen that coming)

Here's a canon example:

>Warp 9.975 is only capable of reaching 132 light years a month, essentially meaning they'd have to have travelled about a few weeks to have reached their destination.<p>

Seriously 132 light years divided by 30 days= 4.4 light years per day. That's really damn slow compared to canon Covenant technology and possibly UNSC slip-space drives, though they were upgraded since the events of 2553 so I haven't got a clue.

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Date: UCAF Standard: 23/3/2551

Location: Milky Way Galaxy- Alpha Quadrant- [non-specific] somewhere near the Cardassian Border

Vance found Captain Sisko an interesting person; he seemed like the kind of officer who did have this air of assurance about him, not too much like Vance himself. He was going to meet the Captain on his ship, as small as the ship was; he knew that this man wasn't likely to betray his trust. He'd take 4 marines as security; Anders was staying to command the fleet till he returned.

Nyx had decided to tag along, she liked the idea of poking around and scaring the locals, as much as he wanted to warn her from doing anything that might get them all into trouble, he did find it amusing. As they headed down to the massive hangar bays of the flagship, he still remembered how he got this dreadnought class, lucky on both the chance of the UCAF HIGH COM needing him to take on the Covenant and the fact that he won a major victory at a deadlocked region.

As they reached the lower floor of the hangar, he was greeted by his escorts, the members of the 14th Legion 2nd Division was there to take him and his delegation over to the Federation ship. Of course he wasn't exactly sure if they'd like him and his team to approach them, he had a dozen marines along with a number of other staff members.

As he prepared to join the others at the gunship, he slowed down as he watched the doors at the right side of the hangar bay open, from the side access a few other individuals arrived, he quickly identified them as the Helldiver's, they were part of the 11th Legion of the Firestorm Dragoons. Their deep fiery red and yellowish gold armour distinguished them from the other marines in the hangar.

"Sir, I heard you were taking along a delegation, mind if I join in?" The Commander of the Firestorm Helldiver's asked with a silvery tone masked by his helmet.

Vance was slightly taken aback. "Commander Thurston, I never knew you had such an interest in these kinds of matter, what is the occasion?" He asked inquisitively.

"Nothing, it's just that I'd like to see these people for myself." He replied aptly.

Vance had a feeling that Commander Brent Thurston was planning on just observing these people, if there was anything to be gained, it was knowledge of the locals, and he was undoubtedly going over to examine their military technology and specs, it was a typical thing for someone like him. But of course having him as support would probably scare the hell out of the locals.

It would be completely worth having Nyx laughing at them while they panicked, but of course that'd just ruin talks. "You can join us Thurston, but for all intents and purposes, keep yourself from frightening our neighbours." Vance advised the Commander and his second in command.

He nodded before boarding the gunship. Vance boarded the gunship

right after the Helldiver, but he did have one more person to wait for, a nearby service elevator opened up to allow another specialist to arrive, a veteran of his command, Senior Chief Tech Specialist Darren Villi, he was a member of the Cyrillion Union, a biomechanical human who was born cybernetics.

Vance had been working alongside the Cyrillion for the past 5 years; they had been through the worst hell holes possibly imaginable and back again. The Cyrillion first joined as a technical specialist whose job was to ensure the functionality of their machines during the siege of Vallist. He had saved his life a number of times during that prolonged conflict and Darren had paid him in kind.

He greeted his old comrade warmly. "Darren how's Deck 15 been, I hope you've gotten to developing that new plasma missile tech to working order. We might need it soon." He said to the youthful looking man.

"We're getting the prototypes ready, but in all honesty I'd prefer you'd stick to using the Nova Torpedoes for now, the plasma missiles still need to be fitted with better field containment measures." He replied as he held out a hand to shake.

Vance took his hand and shook it. Vance had been hoping for the chance to bring his old friend on a short errand, it had been a while since they had last met face to face, especially since the dreadnought was kilometres in length, people had rarely the chance to actually meet everyone aboard.

Darren had changed a lot since they had last spoken face to face, Vance could tell that the young cybernetic specialist had been promoted quite substantially. Darren had not many patches of skin left visible, only half of his face wasn't covered in some piece of bio-metal material, and his hand was now covered in augmented technology.

His body was clothed in an orange and red long coat, bronze details were added on edges and various metal pieces dotted the coat to indicate rank, but what really looked different was his hair. Before his significant upgrades, Darren had brown and gold hair, now it was bronze and tin, but it wasn't necessarily hair anymore, the strands had become bio-metallic fibres designed to withstand intense levels of cold and heat.

The most obvious change to the young Cyrillion was the apparent external limbs which were now integrated into his body, 4 extra limbs protruded from his back all of them doing something behind Darren, aside from one arm which held a long staff. The engineer was rather chirpy today, although that might have just been his personal demeanour, he never seems to be depressed.

"I take it that you plan to make your observations as quickly as possible?" Vance inquired.

"Of course, you never know what you might learn about your neighbours just by observing from a certain distance; it also makes it easier to give you a straight up report rather than having to hear it from one of my subordinates. Also where's all the fun in sitting on my metallic ass all day?" He replied in a humoured tone.

Vance smiled at his friend's joke. "Good to know you still haven't lost your humanity yet."

"I doubt I'd ever lose it at all." He shrugged in response before taking a step onto the shuttle.

As the last member of their little delegation finally boarded, Vance stepped in as well, he wasn't sure if it was best just to have only 3 members of the overall command staff of what should be 360 officers head off, but the smaller the delegation the easier it would be to get on and off the local's vessel not to mention minimize any questions regarding the UCAF.

As he took his seat next to his security detachment, Thurston stood along with his next in command, they didn't require any sort of seating since their boots had magnetic connectors and also a variety of other functions which eliminated the need to sit down. Darren sat across from him on the other side of the seats; he was busying himself with his holo-light interface.

As the doors to the gunship closed the Aries gunship lifted off from its passive stand and ascended from the deck and headed out of the hangar. Vance hadn't been in an Aries gunship in a long time, usually he shuttled himself in either a civilian shuttle or a command pod, on a few occasions he did board an Aries to go planet side.

As they accelerated towards the Defiant, Vance had time to think over his first words of greeting to the Captain, of course Nyx found the time to pester him as usual. She materialised while he carefully thought of what to say.

>"So do you think our neighbours are nice?" She asked with a grin.<p>

"I don't know Nyx, we only spoke to them for 10 minutes I doubt that was really enough time to understand who they were." He replied aptly before Nyx added.

"Oh well, what about that Sisko fellow? He seems kind of interesting, though he's got that air of confidence I know you can feel." She said unperturbed.

"Ok Nyx. When we get over there, please refrain from any random outburst I think it will get unbelievably frustrating with you interrupting." He said in a calm and warning tone.

She understood and rolled her eyes.

>"Fineâ€|" She sighed.<p>

He finally got back to his thoughts when the com opened up.

>"Sir, we've arrived. They're advising us to disengage our engines and let them guide us in." The pilot announced.<p>

"Fine, do as they say." He responded.

As the gunship hit dead calm, the gunship was encompassed in a low field of light which didn't seem to move it very far.

>"Sir, they're asking for us to disengage our shields, it seems they're blocking their tractor beam?"<p>

Vance stood out of his seat with a grunt and stepped over to the

cockpit of the gunship, of course Darren followed after him out of curiosity. Upon stepping into the cockpit Vance came into view of the 'tractor beam' which seemed to glow from the rear of the Defiant. He had seen this technology before, but Darren was the one who elaborated what it was.

"It's a hard-light field, or something sort of similar, impressive, these people possess such out-dated technology, though as useful as it may be, it's a lot easier to use hard-light field projectors." Darren said whilst examining the field with his enhanced vision.

Vance understood what the field was and ordered.
>"Disengage shields on the Aries. As much as I hate dropping our defences, we can't sit outside all day."<p>

The pilots acknowledged and dropped the shield layer on the Aries, on the outside the shield shimmered in a brief flash of light before the 'tractor beam' pulled the gunship into the hangar of the starship steadily. Vance stepped out of the gunship with Darren in tow and met up with Brent who had taken the liberty of adding something to his suit.

As they stepped outside they were greeted by the lighting of the ship's hangar, the lighting thankfully didn't glare in their faces. As they stepped out into the small hangar, they found a dozen people to meet them, 4 people in front of him were unarmed well at least not to obviously since they had their weapons holstered.

Vance faced Sisko, the dark skinned captain with the seemingly calm air of command, he was noticeably shorter than him; he had 3 officers standing next to him. The first officer was a tan skinned fellow who looked quite healthy, though he was also shorter than Vance, he was adorned in a teal and black suit, with the teal colours just above his shoulders and collar.

Next officer was a woman who had strange spots on her head, he wasn't sure what the spots were for, but she looked mostly human, she had also a teal coloured suit. And finally a rather robust male with curly dark blonde hair and a rather observant demeanour, he had a yellow suit though had his sleeves rolled up.

Sisko cleared his throat and began with a warm. "Greetings gentlemen." Vance could tell that Sisko was trying to hide the slight amount of concern at the sight of the UCAF delegation. He stepped forwards and held out a hand. "It's glad to meet you face to face Commodore." He said briskly.

Vance nodded and shook his hand. "Likewise Captain Sisko. I can assume these are your senior crew?" He gestured to the others standing next to him.

"Yes, please let me introduce, Dr Bashir our chief medical officer, O'Brien our chief of operations, and lastly chief science officer Jadzia Dax, she is also lieutenant commander." He said in a passive manner.

Vance nodded and then introduced his own officers.
>"This is Commander Brent Thurston of the 11th Helldiver Legion of the Firestorm Dragoons, and this is Senior Chief Technical Specialist

Darren Villiâ€| "It was then the shadowy form of Nyx burst into reality startling the nearby security personnel. "Aren't you forgetting me?" Nyx said in a mischievous tone.<p>

"Who or what is that?" Bashir muttered.

"Wait, don't do anything, this is just another member of my crew, she's Nyx." Vance explained.

"And what does Nyx do specifically aside from float around?" Sisko said in a slightly confused and intrigued tone.

"Nyx is an AI." He replied.

"She's an artificial intelligence?" O'Brien perplexed.

'Oh boy here we go.' Vance said inwardly.

Nyx threw a dirty look at him and narrowed her eyes.
>"Did you call me artificial?" She said with a tone of absolute venom.<p>

O'Brien realised he may have said something to offend the woman who looked like she was about to smack him about. "Uh no, I asked. Honestlyâ€| He leaned a little back in fear she might just start slapping him.

She retracted from her stance and floated back up with a small pout.

>"You know the proper term for my kind is now Acquired Intelligence, or Inherited? We do have rights now." She stated clearly before floating next to Vance and leaning against his shoulder.<p>

"Wait a moment are you saying your AI was born with this knowledge?" Bashir asked.

"Yes, and she is still currently here." Nyx replied in a rather annoyed tone.

Bashir shut up and immediately let Sisko take control before things spiralled out into a rather unpleasant scenario. "So where shall we start?" He asked Vance.

"Anywhere is good; I've been quite intrigued by this vessel and of course occupants, besides it's the reason why I brought my technical officer along, as for Thurston he's here out of curiosity." Vance replied.

Sisko raised his hand just to add something.
>"We're going to have to ask you to stand still as Dr Bashir will need to check you for any airborne bacteria and such as we come from differing places we don't know exactly if your reality has something we might not be immune to." Sisko gestured to Bashir who had taken out a small device with a small node like object.<p>

"Very well." Vance agreed.

Vance knew that it wasn't just to scan him and the others for bacteria, but undoubtedly collect as much preliminary data as possible to determine if Vance and his people were a threat and

possible connection to the humans of this universe. Of course there was some undoubtedly scientific purpose, but they won't get much.

As Bashir ran his scan over each of the UCAF officers he began to show signs of obvious confusion, his scans couldn't really get many readings or were coming up negative or at least inconclusive, as a matter of fact when he scanned Darren he mouthed something obscene. Bashir finished up and headed back and whispered into Sisko's ear about his findings, his welcoming grin suddenly lessened.

"Well Dr Bashir says you're all clean of anything harmful, we should begin a tour." He said and motioned for them to follow.

They exited the hangar via a pair of auto-sensor doors and into a brightly lit grey and black hallway which seemed rather cramped; as a matter of fact Brent had to duck whenever they reached a doorway. As they went about the ship, Darren took minute scan of the surroundings as well as technology.

They were shown to the infirmary where they were shown how medical technology of the Federation worked and how exactly the function of certain tools effected biological repairs on either the cellular level and greater. But there were also certain aspects that couldn't really be ignored, such as the number of non-human personnel aboard the ship.

Brent seemed to sneer under his helmet when they got anywhere close to another alien or when they passed someone who didn't exactly measure up to his expectations. The man was truly old fashion in some sense; many people of the UCAF have gone a bit xenophobic in the last 25 years since the start of the Human Covenant war.

It had done some very nasty things to people like Brent, seeing as he was once a survivor from a 'culling', the Covenant had wiped out his people when he was only 10, he was a child soldier who barely survived long enough for a UCAF recon and recovery fleet to arrive and alleviate the survivors.

The man ended up in the Helldiver's Legion by volunteering his own body, and from that point onwards he gave up being anything human. From what is known of the process, it requires a lot of physical stress not to mention a high tolerance for pain, it is endured for an extended period of time till all of the augmentations and alterations are completed.

Although there are other processes to becoming a Helldiver, the one Brent went through was definitely the most challenging and arguably the most dangerous. But it comes with plenty of benefits such as having an insane level of resilience under pressure and pain, not to mention incredible level of endurance in actual combat.

As they stepped through to the engineering section of the 'Defiant' the group was welcomed to the sight of a large pylon like structure which glowed in a bright blue and luminescent white, it was interesting. "Here we have engineering, as you can see that is our warp core." Sisko explained as they strolled into the room.

The UCAF delegates were allowed to examine, though only Darren was bothered to really look around, Vance and Brent hung back and let the bio-mechanical human do as he pleased. The technical specialist

admired the simplicity of the whole layout of the room not to mention accessibility and control for the warp core.

"Interesting, what speeds are you able to achieve with this warp technology?" He asked O'Brien.

The Chief of Operations cleared his throat and replied.

>"Top speeds on our current warp drive are warp factor of 9.982 at best, though we would only be able to maintain those speeds for 12 hours."<p>

"And what is exactly warp factor 9.982?" Darren asked with a shrug.

O'Brien realised he didn't exactly understand that bit. "Oh, well we can travel about 4.43 light years roughly rounding off per day if we could maintain that speed for 24 hours at least." He explained.

"4.43 light years per dayâ€|" Darren repeated to himself, his tone of enthusiasm suddenly dropped like a voice recording on low battery.

"Is something the matter?" Dax inquired.

"Oh nothing, uh what exactly do you use as a power source for this warp core?" He asked them.

"Well the technical term would be warp drive, but beside the point. The warp core is powered by the use of matter, deuterium, and anti-matter, anti-deuterium which is quite simply channelled into the warp core where we have a material called dilithium also known as radan which causes the formation of warp plasma which is then channelled using high-frequency electro-magnetic fields from the core into our nacelles which are located on the sides of the ship. And from there the intense energy channel forms a subspace field, which is essentially a bubble." Dax simplified as best as she could.

"Couldn't have explained it any better." O'Brien added.

"So you create a subspace bubble, how many dimensional folds are created within this subspace bubble?" Darren inquired.

Dax and O'Brien looked at each other slightly confused, neither of them really knew too much in detail of what sorts of dimensional fields he was referring to. But Darren took it upon himself to check it. He waved them. "Never mind I'll check." He went over to the warp core where he stretched out one arm and activated his internal built Nova-tool.

"Let's see here." He muttered as he viewed the readings from his glowing holographic interface.

The engineers looked on in slight surprise, and well security were edging towards their phasers but were subtly gestured to stand down and avoid causing a scene; it wasn't like the teenager planned to start something while he was aboard. Darren completed his readings quickly, it seemed like he found something rather intriguing.

"Well I can say for certain that you people should start really looking into better technology, this piece of junk can barely fold 3.5 dimensional fields without overloading, which I gotta say that's pretty weak." He said with a roll of his eyes.

O'Brien looked offended at the remark and said.

>"Oh really and what exactly does your behemoth of a ship fly at? Warp 5?"<p>

Bashir was planning on stepping in before O'Brien started a fight. But Darren chuckled as he replied.

>"My dear Operations Chief, the 'Argent Dawn' is capable of speeds up to 17,500 light years a day and that is without the aid of an Adept Navigator linked into the ship's navigational system. We can run rings around your 'plate' ship any day."<p>

O'Brien and the others stood there in slight confusion but more shock, if what Darren just said was true then the massive vessel which they had come from could travel the galaxy in near instantaneous speeds compared to that of any ship that they knew of. It was damn impressive if what the UCAF tech specialist was saying was true."

"Wait a second how is that even possible? We couldn't detect any warp drive on your ship or well any warp fields." Dax said in confusion.

"Well technically we use something a lot more advanced than warp, though whether we should disclose this right now is quite questionable. Am I right sir?" He asked Commodore Vance.

"Right, we don't plan to disclose the information about our technology right away, this isn't the right place to discuss this." Vance replied as he finally decided to get this tour moving.

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O'Brien was still a bit annoyed at Darren's comment about the ship but they decided to get this tour back on track, as they departed from engineering they headed up to the main bridge. As they arrived on the bridge the com officer greeted them. "Captain Sisko, you have an urgent message coming in from Admiral Nechayev. Its urgent sir."

Sisko knew what this was about, he nodded. "Sorry gentlemen looks like I won't be able to join you for the moment, Dax and the others will explain how bridge operations works." He said before departing.

Sisko entered into his ready room and sat down at his desk, he took a few moments to straighten his uniform out before he activated his terminal. The Federation symbol was replaced with the stern look of Alynna Nechayev, which immediately told him that things weren't going too well.

>"Admiral Nechayev I'm guessing you've heard of what's been happening?" He inquired calmly.<p>

"I couldn't stop hearing about it since the Cardassians have been in a rush to get to their border, from what we've been able to

determine, the situation has rapidly spiralled into paranoid accusations from the Cardassians that we've been secretly making super-sized warships. Of course Gul Dukat has said otherwise, the Central Command doesn't believe him and from the recorded conversation between you and the 'UCAF' things aren't looking too good on the border." She replied with a rather exasperated sigh.

"Does the Cardassian Union plan to send a military strike force against the UCAF? Without provocation?" Sisko said in a worried tone.

"At this moment in time, anything is possible, I do however suspect they won't rush something like this, they know how massive the ships are and they aren't going to launch a full scale attack without knowing what the UCAF is capable of." She replied.

It was good that the Cardassians didn't plan to rush this, but it didn't entirely put him at ease, the Cardassians were well known for just attacking without good causes. In the case of some Bajoran terrorists who they held in contempt for attacking a Federation outpost, of course this proved to have been a farce.

"So I take it that by them determining if the UCAF is a threat, they're planning on meeting them on neutral grounds?" He asked.

"That's what we're hoping the UCAF would agree to; at the moment a lot of our 'other' neighbours have gotten restless with the sudden mobilisation of the Cardassians, heck even the Breen seem to have noticed it." The admiral exclaimed.

"Are you saying that this could turn into all-out war, just because the UCAF appeared?" Sisko asked with alarm.

"I wouldn't put it past them, at the moment we've got little choice but to either get the UCAF to agree to a neutral place to lay low, or if possible agree to an open meeting. Though I don't know how they'd react to the many other races around the Alpha quadrant." She admitted.

"From what I've gathered they're not too fond of many alien species, at least that's what I could tell from one member of their delegation who is currently aboard the ship." Sisko explained.

"Well that can't be a good sign. All I can advise is that Starfleet Command wants this done, whatever you can do to secure us a meeting on neutral grounds will go a long way to easing current tensions. But if they decide to just leave, stall them." She said seriously.

"Is that absolutely necessary?" Sisko asked her.

"From what we've been able to determine, yes, securing a meeting with these alternate reality of humanity might go a long way for the Federation." She replied.

Sisko understood. "Very well I'll see what I can do Admiral."

"I'll get back to you once you've either secured the meeting or returned to Deep Space Nine." She finished.

The channel closed and Sisko was left with a dilemma, something was nagging at him that this current situation was quickly escalating, once the cat got out of the bag about the UCAF things were definitely going to intensify around DS9. But there was also the slight concern that the UCAF weren't like the Federation, the way they acted around the crew seemed to indicate they weren't so comfortable in the presence of other species.

As he stood up he took a moment to think about what to say to the Commodore, Vance didn't seem like much of a politician and probably didn't even bother with it. The scarred man's face seemed more like someone who'd throw politics and politicians out a window rather listen to them. Which would be high praise in the eye of the Klingons.

Once returning to the bridge he was greeted by the sight of Darren once more talking about technical details of his own ship, but he was being rather vague about how it functioned.

>"Subspace is infinite to the quite literal, that said, we've been able to use many dimensions within it, of course it's not surprising you've only just scratched the surface of such knowledge. You'll probably stagnate if you continue on this path of technology for another century or so." Darren said whilst he observed in details of how subspace communications worked.<p>

"Let me guess you've got something a lot better than the subspace communications we possess as well?" Dax asked sarcastically.

"Of course, though it's not exactly such a simple kind of business, many divisions of communication hubs have developed their own technologies, such as quantum tangents which instantaneous two way communication is achieved over vast distances. Or our own subspace communications which are relayed through another dimension within subspace, though that one's a little more complicated." He said nonchalantly.

"You use another dimension to communicate through?" Dax asked in surprise.

"Well it's just one form of it, I mean all our short ranged communications are achieved by using quantum compressed subspace communications though the details for using something like it are arguably difficult." He replied as he checked through his Nova-tool.

Sisko decided to interrupt. "Sorry for abruptly leaving, I was in communications with Starfleet Command."

Vance turned his attention to him and asked.

>"So I can assume that they've asked you to relay some sort of proposal?"<p>

Sisko admitted Vance seemed to take him by surprise, he initially thought that Vance might not have exactly been much too keen on politics, but if he could guess this right off the bat, then Vance had some experience in this before. Sisko didn't deny it. "Yes, Command believes that your sudden appearance has spooked the other powers within the Alpha Quadrant, enough so that they're rushing to their respective borders." Sisko explained.

Vance rolled his neck and let his bones crack loudly.
>"Well I guess I'm assuming that this will have to be something done on neutral ground?" He began.<p>

"Yes." Sisko replied.

"And it's going to have to be an open tour of my ship?" Vance asked, his tone seemed to darken slightly.

Sisko had a feeling Vance wasn't all too pleased with the conditions. But he had to try.

>"That is what we'd expect." Sisko replied calmly.<p>

"Okayâ€¦" He muttered before he paused and thought about the proposal put forward by Sisko.

He made his decision. "Listen here; if other powers of this region of space are to come aboard my ship, they abide by the rules of the security teams, no deviating from the tour or trying to access anything more critical than simple systems aboard the ship. They are neither permitted to bring weapons along or anything which isn't declared. Also if they are caught in a restricted area, they'll be very likely killed either by the automated defences or the crew." Vance stated clearly.

He continued after a moment's pause. "There is also the matter of what knowledge that will be provided by my people, I and only my senior staff will be the ones who'll explain what the UCAF is, and in terms of technology you can forget it. That will have to be determined by the Adept aboard my ship." Vance finished.

"Adept?" Sisko repeated puzzled by what he meant.

"He's, let's just say someone with incredible levels of experience in dealing with these sorts of things, he's also quite intimidating, so please refrain from aggravating him." Vance explained.

Sisko nodded in response and Vance clapped his hands.

>"Where will this meeting take place?" He asked.<p>

"We're going to meet at Deep Space Nine; it's not far from here." Sisko replied aptly before he nodded to Dax who then brought up the location on their view screen.

Darren immediately gathered the data and said.

>"I have recorded the location."<p>

"Very well, I think it's time we get going then. Would you like us to give you a lift?" Vance asked Sisko.

Sisko was taken a little bit aback.

>"You plan to take us along into FTL?"<p>

"Well if you agree or would you prefer flying 10 hours back to the station?" Vance inquired.

Sisko looked around the bridge to his senior officers, they seemed intrigued, it was also a good way to gather information about what sort of FTL that these people used. Sisko agreed.

>"Ok should we dock with your ship?" He asked.<p>

"No that won't be necessary Captain." He motioned to Darren. "Darren, please do the honours."

Darren nodded, he closed his eyes and dropped his hood to reveal his full face, the crew was slightly shocked at the sight, his whole head was glowing dimly, veins and even hair seemed luminescent. He opened up his eyes and revealed them to be glowing.

>"Sir, I have linked with the 'Argent'."<p>

"Good luck our coordinates and tell Tirane to begin spinning up FTL we're going off to the station." Vance ordered.

"Understood sir, I'm relaying now." Darren announced.

In a few moments the ship vibrated as it was encompassed in an aura of light. Sisko inquired.

>"Dax what's going on?"<p>

"Don't know, I think we're being transported." She replied before the vibrating stopped.

The view outside had changed quite dramatically from the external view of the UCAFs fleet to what now looked like the interior of a massive hangar. The bridge crew looked in amazement at the massive interior of the ship. There weren't just their own ship it looked like there were dozens of other vessels on the inside of the massive ship than just those outside.

"That's amazing, how did you transport the whole ship?" O'Brien asked.

"Well it's actually teleportation." Darren responded as his face continued to glow.

"You can teleport?" Dax asked in shock.

"Well that's a little more complicated, but yes, as a matter of fact we better get going and inform the rest of the fleet. Excuse me." He motioned to Vance who in turn said. "Yes, it's time we got going. For now, you can enjoy the view; we'll be at Deep Space Nine in another 30 seconds." Vance said as he hit something on his wrist.

Vance and the other UCAF officers vanished in the blink of an eye. Sisko still remained absently shocked; he sat down in his command chair and sighed aloud. "This is going to be interestingâ€|"

XXXXX

UCAF Codex: Aries Gunships

The Aries Gunships are a long line of military aircraft and planetary assault shuttles, they possess the UCAFs most reliable and most durable level of engineering. They're specifically designed to survive multiple hits from a vast array of weapons, but more than that. They're built to serve in almost all forms of warfare.

From the sea, air and space the Aries Gunships is the top of the line

constructed to fight against the terrains of numerous worlds. Certain classes were built with heavy weapons for planetary assault; others designed with stealth in mind are constructed with holo-light stealth fields and silent anti-grav engines in place of normal fusion jet propulsion.

The interior of the Aries differ from each type, the most commonly used design is troop transportation. Others can be modified to carry MVFs, Mobile Versatile Frames, exoskeleton suits made for heavy combat and warfare. Other gunships are larger and much heavier, large enough to fit 2 Spartan-Tanks or Scorpion class Land Crawler.

All standard Aries gunships are equipped with ablative iridium battle-plate D3 class, along with energised field plating which was molded over like a shell, it was designed to absorb high energy impacts and deflect and absorb energy. Each vessel could very likely survive being hit by numerous small arms fire, even in concentrated bursts.

Under all of the armour was the gravity plating, a highly charged energy plate which created an artificial gravity field with very limited use of energy, also it incorporated a vast amount of refined adamantine carbon structures, the shuttle itself was strong enough to ram an enemy frigate with its shields still up and come out alright.

But overall the gunships possessed a great amount of other features such as external long range subspace communications, short range sensors, advanced guidance systems. There was also precision hard-light target designator and a variety of targeting systems for various weapon systems which were inbuilt into the Aries gunships.

Aries also possessed a micro multi-core hydrogen fusion reactor along with internal shield emitters which encompassed the ship like a skin rather than just a bubble, it also helped with damage as the gunship could have on failed emitter and the others would take over for any lost shield coverage.

The gunships are armed with vast amounts of firepower, varying from simple .50 BMG tri-barrelled turrets to .75 magnetically accelerated gunports which could rip through almost anything; there were also the primary weapon systems which can incorporate a number of heavy armaments. From 108mm Mk-IV Anathema class forward turret to a 120mm Mk-III Magnetic Accelerated Buster Cannon.

XXXXX

AN: I'm really tiredâ€|

Canon and canon, I won't really bother to stick to actual canon so don't worry. Well aside from certain aspects of Star Trek, I can't just cheat the Federation into having FTL which runs rings around the Romulans that'd be plain stupid that much I can say for the moment. There's going to be a lot more politics than anything else, unless I should just cut out the middle man and go straight for warâ€|

But that'd make no sense, and there's no build-up of tension so it'd be pointless. I'll leave it here, but if there's anything you guys need for me to address in the story it'll be addressed, I'm in no

rush so be patient.

3. Chapter 3

CH3: Parity and Prejudice

XXXXX

AN: Time for the Federation to meet their cousins, though how people might conceive the UCAF of who they are in comparison to the Federation will vary. As the Federation has serious issues with augmented humans, so I say this if they are so equal why not have equal rights for augmented humans?

And yes I know the backstory about the Eugenic wars and etcâ€¦

Oh right I almost forgot I made a number error on how many warships appeared, the first chapter said 45, and the second one said 42, its 45 it hasn't changed. Although a lot of smaller ships of the UCAF can easily equal the size of an exploration vessel of the Federation, heck a small gunboat could equal a starship with lots of firepower.

And yeah screw canon physics about FTL that's not definitive anymore. I'm just going to write it as best as I can.

XXXXX

Date: UCAF Standard: 23/3/2551

Location: Milky Way Galaxy- Alpha Quadrant- Bajor- High Orbit

The sudden appearance of the UCAF fleet over Bajor sparked a bit of panic from the inhabitants who had never seen something as large as the 'Argent Dawn' suddenly appear over their little world, the shadow of the monstrous ship and its fleet left a visible shadow over the planet. As for Deep Space 9, Kira Nerys had just been as shocked at the sudden arrival of the UCAF ships; she set for battle stations until the Defiant exited the hangar bay of the UCAF dreadnought.

Sisko managed to inform the inhabitants of what was going on as well as what was going to happen in the coming days. As for those aboard the UCAF fleet, they had time to begin enacting repairs and preparing for the coming meetings. The UCAF 'Argent Dawn' had one last thing to do though, and that was to dock with DS9.

Vance honestly had thought it would be fairly pointless to try and dock a ship which was dozens upon dozens of times the size of the station. Thankfully Tirane the AI of the ship had a solution for the docking issue. She created the schematics for a universal docking rig which would connect between the massive ship and DS9 for the meeting; the docking pylons were too small so they tried to use a cargo hold of the station instead.

The function worked and the UCAF ship was rigged to the station within a few hours. Now the real challenge was gathering information.

XXXXX

Sisko strode into the control centre of the station along with O'Brian and Dax, he needed to hurry off to go get his report done up before speaking with Vance again, it was going to be one very busy week. He could only hope no disaster occurred in the time span of him starting up the report and finishing, the last thing was him to micro manage a disaster in the midst of all of this.

Kira who had been in command greeted him.

>"Captain, it's good to see you're still alive, I was getting kind of nervous with the giant fleet of ships right outside the station." She joked.<p>

"Well it could have been a lot worse, and it could have been a lot easier if the Dukat hadn't shown up, the Alpha Quadrant is about to go into an uproar once the news of the UCAF reaches their ears." Sisko sighed as he rubbed his scalp.

"Well that can't be good, wait did you say Dukat?" Kira did a double take.

"Yes, unfortunately the Cardassian Central Command got wind of this as soon as Dukat reported it; he's busy waiting for the Central Command to give him the approval to begin talks with the UCAF, and well us." Sisko responded with a sigh.

"Damn that rat bastard." Kira mumbled under her breath.

"As much as I'd like to share your sentiment Major, we've got guests coming within the week, from what I can tell we might need to prepare for the arrival of more than just the Cardassians." He stated honestly.

Kira nodded. "I'll pass the message on."

As Kira headed off, Sisko turned his attention to O'Brian and Dax who were busy comparing notes on what they had learnt about the UCAF's technology. He decided to interrupt them.

>"Chief, Dax, have you managed to gain anything on the UCAF?" He inquired.<p>

The two broke off from their console and turned to face him. Dax was the first to reply.

>"Well we've manage to determine the UCAFs technology is indeed a lot more advanced, from just the sensor logs from our short transport into their ship, we detected a multi-spatial field engulf the ship. There was also an unknown energy emission coming from the transportation field."<p>

"Anything else that you've found?" Sisko added.

"Nothing sir, all I can say is whatever they did, it surpassed anything I've ever seen, even for our level of physics and technology this is outside of our league." O'Brian said with an unsure shrug.

"Well this is going to be an interesting report." Sisko said aptly before heading off.

As Sisko turned about and headed back into his office certain events were now in motion to determine the future of the entire Alpha Quadrant and possibly the entire galaxy.

XXXXXX

Location: Deep Space 9- Promenade- Infirmary

Today was a fairly busy day, well not in terms of medical needs for people on DS9 but for the UCAF, Bashir stretched his arms out and let out a tired yawn. He then said to himself. "186 simulations on humans of the UCAF and still I can't tell how much of their DNA is human and otherwise." He said in a slightly agitated tone.

His thoughts were interrupted.

>"Beg your pardon sir?" One of the medical aides said in confusion.<p>

Bashir remembered there were still other people around. He responded with a sheepish look.

>"Nothing, it's just these readings are baffling, I'll probably need to call Dax down." Bashir said nonchalantly.<p>

The medical aide nodded and just went back to work. But it was just then heard the tuneful voice of Dax. "Bashir."

The doctor spun about on his chair and faced the science officer with a worn smile.

>"Dax, I didn't expect you to come down so soon."<p>

"Oh I took a break from the readings we got from our short trip on the 'Argent'." Dax said in response as she rolled her shoulders.

"Ah, well you're probably having better luck than me, these bio readings I managed to gather from the UCAF members are beyond what the scanners are capable of reading, and something about their bodies emits some kind of biogenic field which scrambles the readings." He stated with a tired yawn.

"What's causing the biogenic field?" Dax inquired.

"I have no idea; it might be the UCAF personnel themselves or something they wear that might be causing these irregularities, whatever it is, the medical tricorders have been unable to determine how much of their biological and genetic makeup is their own and everything else being altered in some way shape or form." Bashir replied.

Dax exclaimed in surprise.

>"Are you saying these people are augmented?"<p>

The doctor nodded almost absently as he continued staring at the screen. "That's a very likely assumption, there's no way these people can wear their armour without breaking their bones in the process, unless this is something that's naturally occurred, but whatever managed to do this naturally must have been pretty extreme." He finished with a shrug.

"This could really change things for sureâ€¦" Dax started.

"But hold off for the moment before saying anything to the Captain, we don't want to begin throwing around accusations of being augmented without anything to support the claim." He said.

"Fine, but if you do find anything hard we will need to bring it up with the Captain." She stated aptly.

"I know, though I think it might be prudent I take a break, mind if I join you?" He asked with a cheerful smile.

Dax thought it over and nodded. "Fine, but no Vulcan restaurants again." She warned him with a joking smile.

Bashir picked himself up from his desk and gestured for her to follow him.

XXXXXX

Location: Milky Way Galaxy- Alpha Quadrant- Bajor- UCAF 'Argent Dawn'

Vance stood on the bridge of his ship watching over the small world below, it was hard to imagine sitting up here watching over the world of these aliens rather than blowing the hell out of their dust bowl of a planet. But of course there was nothing to gain from wiping out the Bajorans; well it wasn't like it would truly matter back in the Daedalus Line.

He recalled the 23 planets he'd seen obliterated by the firepower of dreadnoughts of his own class, their destructive weaponry was powerful enough to crack the surface of heavy metal planets and shatter them in the blink of an eye. Of course not all of those said worlds were actually the same size as a standard colony, but then again there was one world the size of Jupiter, it took 12 shots from the Ultra MAC to rip to pieces.

It was a truly frightening and awesome sight to behold when he was a younger officer, now it really didn't thrill him as much, it got his blood boiling, but he knew what it meant for the inhabitants of such worlds. And now that he thought about it, he truly didn't like the idea of remaining here up over the world of Bajor.

But since the arrival of the fleet over Bajor things have been strangely different, unlike being in open space, there was never this feeling of another presence, not like Nyx who just hovered within his mind and around him in hard light form, but it was more like a pressure which refused to go away.

There was something wrong which seemed to edge into his nerves, he couldn't put his finger on it, but that's why he called the Adepts and for the Advents aboard his fleet to meet with him and the others immediately. If there was indeed something wrong here, he'd call upon the aid of the only people who could tell him.

He didn't need to wait long as Tirane appeared in a flash of light, her hair bounding up and down as she floated gently before him. "Sir Advent Cyrus, and his entourage from the 5th Order of Virtue have arrived, they seem rather 'agitated'." She reported.

"Very well, I'll meet them in conference room 28, have the room protected by a quantum field, ensure no one and I mean no one interrupts for the duration of the meeting understood?" He said to her.

"Understood Commodore, I'll make the necessary precautions." Tirane stated before she departed.

Nyx took her chance to pounce.

>"Oh what's this I hear, you taking extra precautions for such a nice galaxy?" Nyx cooed.<p>

"Not now Nyx, something's wrong about this universe and you know it, this presence near the world of Bajor, it's not right." He said in a troubled tone.

Nyx said openly. "That's probably because there's a dimensional field active nearby, it's probably causing disruptions in our quantum brainwave patterns, and I know its playing havoc with our multi-dimensional subspace sensors."

Vance threw her an annoyed look before deadpanning. "You didn't think that it wasn't important to mention that a few hours ago?" He asked her with a slight glare.

"Hey I didn't know about the fluctuations till now, besides, Tirane hasn't had time to adjust for the discrepancies thanks to her active duty of dealing with the fleet's navigational data and such. As for me, I took time to check on things in background while you were talking with Sisko, and well it seems there's a strange dimensional bump in the proverbial road." She shrugged as she examined her holographic fingers.

Vance rolled his eyes before stating.

>"Well what can you tell me about this bump in the road?"<p>

"Not much aside from some strange readings of neurogenic activity within the field itself, it's like a pocket dimension where you can put stuff, just more archaic, not to mention pretty crudely made for a normal material entity." She stated before assumed a floating prone figure behind his back.

She pushed her finger across to his cheek and finished with.

>"If I had to guess, there might be living entities within such pocket dimension, as to why they were hiding there is anyone's guess." She said nonchalantly.<p>

Vance asked one last time.

>"Is that all you've been able to determine?"<p>

"As of the moment? Yes, that's all I can determine about the field and whatever might be inside of it, there is something inside of the pocket dimension and its causing some strange fluctuations in subspace nearby." She replied.

Vance thought it over, it made sense that pocket dimensions tended to cause small ripples in subspace, but these emissions were more than ripples and they were having an effect on him and the more advanced sensors. He got up from his seat. "I think it's time I met with Cyrus, I'm sure he and the Adept's will be able to shed some light on

this." Vance said before exiting the bridge.

It didn't take long for him to traverse the distance between the main bridge and the conference centre of the ship, as much as people would think just because the ship is 32.6 kilometres long and over 8 kilometres high doesn't usually mean there's any excuse to be late. Vance entered and exited the various gravity lifts and service elevators around to reach the conference room within acceptable time.

He had lived on this ship for years so he knew every nook and cranny between the stern and aft of the ship, he truly loved the 'Argent Dawn' for her vigilant design, being the kind of ship which would ensure the safety and security of whole sectors for years against anything that could be thrown at it.

He knew that the 'Argent' wouldn't remain in service for more than a few more decades of service, she was an old girl who had fought even before the start of the Human-Covenant War, during the times of the Red Corsairs and their war against the colonies and the Helian Crisis. She has been in active service for more than 50 years and was soon to reach her retirement age, once then she'll be drawn back from frontline duties.

He knew where many ships like older classes tended to end up, and that was back in the archive worlds of Lexidus, the main historical archive for the UCAF and across much of known space. It was one of the major repositories of knowledge in the UCAF; it was also a massive museum of a planet which held artefacts from starships to ancient tablets.

Once decommissioned the 'Argent Dawn' was going to be sent to Lexidus to be grounded permanently, of course that was assuming that the UCAF didn't have any other plans for the old warship. Upon the doors opening Vance stepped into the adjacent hallway to the conference section of the ship.

He made his way past the various individual personnel standing around, not too many had time to salute or greet him on the way to the conference room where the ascended humans were waiting. When he reached the main doors, he waved his hand over the sensor and opened up the doors; he entered into the room with a calm collected stature and remembered to carefully shield his mind.

He was greeted by two dozen people in various armours, clothes, and dresses, but the only one who stood out amongst them all was the heavily armoured figure of the Advent who wore a long coat of black and silver with grey colours, he bowed his head as he greeted him.

>"Commodore Vance, it is good to see you again."<p>

"It's good to see you're alive and well Cyrus, I was beginning to wonder if you did manage to survive our last brawl with the Covenant over Tarius." He bowed in a respectful motion as he spoke.

As they assumed their seats, Vance noted the various individuals who were seated around the room, and those who were leaning on the walls behind them.

>"I'm guessing your Tempest Guard isn't here for a casual meeting?" He inquired.<p>

Cyrus didn't need to hide the fact.

>"You guessed right, the guard are here for a more precautionary reason. You've felt it as well haven't you? The sudden pressure of feelings from around, unnatural in the most obvious form." Cyrus asked him in a blunt but clear tone.<p>

"Yes, the feeling hasn't left since we've arrived here specifically, do you know anything about this?" Vance inquired with a serious tone.

"We have been able to determine what it is, but we're playing it safe for the moment, since we don't know who these beings are, but once we determine their intentions and their motivation here, we will act accordingly." Cyrus replied in an equally serious tone.

"Are you saying that there are other beings that areâ€|?" He gestured with his hand for Cyrus to answer his suspicion.

"To be honest, there are beings we can sense in the emptiness of space around us, they initially ignored us, but now it seems they're attempting to probe our minds while we aren't looking." Cyrus explained duly with a passively calm tone.

"Is that so, and what could they gain from trying to probe the minds of beings as powerful as yourselves?" Vance inquired.

The two men paused and the room was filled with a calm silence for a few moments as they stared between each other, the only noise was the nearly natural humming of the ventilation system for the room. Vance had his eyes looked for the Advent until he broke eye contact and motioned for the other Advents who nodded in agreement.

Cyrus turned back to Vance. "That's a good question, I wouldn't know entirely, but I have a feeling it isn't for a nice chat, how these creatures try and reach us seem to come from a lower-subspace dimensional field, we have been able to determine it exists within a pocket dimension. Though where exactly it is and what it might have to do with these extra-dimensional entities are limited." Cyrus replied as best as he could.

"So are these beings a real threat to us?" Vance asked.

Cyrus spent a moment searching the inner universe before he could determine what to respond with. Once he finished looking inwards he knew that these beings placed a mental barrier to shield themselves from his approachâ€|

>"I can tell you now, the Adepts will provide protection for the fleet, though we will need for form a link over the fleet to stop any further intrusions. I on the other hand will need to do some more thorough 'investigating' before I can determine the true threat these beings possess. But if I were you, keep an eye out for suspicious people from Bajor."<p>

"Why?" Vance replied in a perplexed tone.

"They worship whatever these beings are, and I have a feeling they aren't trying to ask us about having a friendly cup of tea and biscuits." Cyrus replied seriously though denoted the sarcasm in his voice.

Vane was a little troubled by this, but he decided to agree. "I'll have my men ensure none of the Bajorans come aboard, though I think we might need a couple of Adept's at the meeting, I'd rather have as many representatives as possible for the upcoming talks." Vance requested.

"Ah, well that will be determined by those who are present Commodore." Cyrus waved over to the Adept's.

Vance nodded in acknowledgement; this galaxy was filled with observers of many kinds. He just wondered which ones would make their move first.

>"Very well, is there anything we should discuss before I have to go meet with Sisko?" Vance asked the Advent.<p>

"Nothing as of yet, a number of minor nuisances have been buzzing around in my mind, but we can deal with those." He stood up as did all of the other Advents and Adept's.

>"Though I do wonder, when would you like to catch lunch?" Cyrus asked casually with a smile.<p>

"Tomorrow at noon." Vance said getting up from the table.

"Perfect." Cyrus finished before he gave a curt bow.

In the blink of an eye, the room was suddenly empty, vacated by the various people in a manner which would usually defy the laws of physics, or at least the normal laws of physics. Vance had a feeling things were in motion, more so than he liked. Whatever was going on in the background the Advents and their kin were planning on dealing with.

But it was the more unpredictable nature of the universe he didn't particularly like that made him worry.

XXXXX

Location: Milky Way- Alpha Quadrant- Sector 244-543- USS Enterprise-D

It was another day observing the cosmic straits of Liada-turo, the straits provided great cosmological data on the formation of certain nebulae and their relation to astrological star formations, of course this wasn't the most exciting assignment ever given to the crew of the Enterprise-D, but it was necessary.

Things of course had gotten dull over the past week; hopefully today was to be the last day of their observations, on the bridge, a certain bald captain with a long history aboard the Enterprise sat down for tea on his chair. Even though it was not really meant for tea, he had plenty of time to enjoy a moment.

His bridge crew, consisting of one android, one empath, a Klingon, and his trusted first officer sat down and observed the beauty of the Liada-turo.

>"Eight days and nothing more than a dozen test samples, but you gotta admit, the sight's beautiful." The first officer Commander Riker stated candidly.<p>

"Yes it isâ€¦" The Captain Jean Luc Picard agreed.

The Klingon security chief Worf wasn't as fond of such sights, but merely huffed.

>"It's interesting."<p>

And then a rather grating voice added.

>"How boring."<p>

The bridge crew turned their heads to their left and saw the every so troublesome Q, his air of superiority hadn't been lost that was for sure. Picard's peaceful day was ruined, he sighed and gave a look of contempt for the extra dimensional entity called Q.

>"Q what are you doing here?"<p>

"Sitting around watching you apparently I haven't had anything better to do in the past eternity so I thought I might just drop by and say hello." He shrugged before saying dully. "Hello."

Picard wasn't amused by Q's antics and honestly didn't like the entity at all.

>"Q I'll ask you again, why are you here?" He growled at the man.<p>

Q rolled his eyes. "Always the courteous one, fine I'll tell you why I am here." He clicked his fingers and suddenly they found themselves looking at Q sitting in his own wooden recliner chair.

"I'm here to give you all a heads-up, as humans used to say." He stated before pointing at the view screen.

They all turned their attention to what was once the proto-nebula and what now looked as if they were right above the Milky Way galaxy.

Picard wasn't exactly too happy.

>"What have you-."<p>

"I haven't done anything Picard; I've just changed the screen." Q interrupted.

Picard wasn't so sure about his claim but let the omnipotent entity continue with what he was going to say.

>"I'm here on a mission of good will, at the moment you might not realise it, but a new faction has just come into this universe, from an alternate one, I wasn't responsible for how they arrived. But they must not be mistaken for yourselves."<p>

Q clicked his finger and the image of the Milky Way was highlighted.

>"This is not your universe, this is their universe, from what you are looking at, and this is a map of their territory. They are called the UCAF, the United Colonial Alliance Forces. A united front of hundreds of billions of humans who were scattered across a massive region of space, the details are a little sketchy since we of the Continuum haven't been able to access their universe, but it is clear they aren't as peace loving or as ethical as yourselves." Q stated thoughtfully as he clicked his fingers again.<p>

The image highlighted an entire area of the galaxy.

>"This is their territory, twelve thousand worlds, hundreds of millions of stars and countless other outposts and planetoids, of

course this isn't just the only piece of space they control, but it is the main body." The image slid aside to reveal what looked like humans, but they looked different in some ways.<p>

"These are the humans of their universe, hundreds of variations of the human species, each one capable of incredible things at least by their standard, each one adapted to survive a number of different environments, but overall they are the same species."

"Why are you showing us all of this?" Riker asked in a demanding tone.

"To show you the truth, of who these people are." Q replied with a curt smile.

The image revealed what looked like a colony, but with one distinguishable difference, the world had been turned into what looked like a warzone, a real warzone. "Here we have the true face of the UCAF."

Images of child soldiers rushed to the defence of their colony, some being shredded by alien weapons, others use suicide bombs to kill as many of the alien invaders as possible. The sight was sickening even for Picard. He demanded. "Why are you showing us this?"

"Because this is what war is Picard, something you and your puny little Federation hasn't quite grasped yet, true war encompasses all lives, including the young, but for the UCAF it's a necessity. Their war has gone on for more than 25 years; children like them have been sacrificed in droves to stem the tide of an enemy which would make the Borg threat look like a joke in comparison." He replied in a rather condescending tone, but a dark one at that.

"So what, these enemies the UCAF fight are possibly worse than the Borg. It's not as if they're coming here now are they?" Riker said to Q in a rather annoyed tone.

Q shook his head with an amused look. "No, at least not yet, they don't know anything about the multiverse thankfully, but that doesn't mean that you know the UCAF themselves. Their arrival has already tipped the balance of power drastically out of proportions, the UCAF represents a truly tremendous step forwards and also a massive step backwards, they are both highly advanced yet so militaristic in their ideology. You'll know when you meet themâ€¦" Q clicked his fingers and everything was back to the way it was.

The crew found everything was set back to its original place; Picard was still standing not far from a rather darkly dressed Q who now donned a UCAF uniform. "I'll leave you with this Picard, never underestimate the UCAF, even if they seem barbaric, they are truly more human than they look, and not only that, they represent what you and your Federation could have become, if its pushed far enough." Q said in an ominous tone before he clicked his fingers and vanished.

The departure of Q seemed to leave the crew a little bit unnerved, Q was never this direct, but it seemed this was the exception, as to why he acted the way he did, well they were soon to discover why. Picard honestly felt something of grave importance had just been said, but he wasn't sure what, aside from the warning, why did Q come

all this way here just to warn them?

XXXXX

Location: Deep Space 9- UCAF Argent Dawn

"You had to give it to the UCAF; they know how to make them big."
O'Brian said as he looked out the window.

The shuttle was on its third patrol for the day, it wasn't necessary to patrol since the UCAF had fighter and bombers along with smaller vessels littered over the entire area searching for anything that dared to approach the fleet. But the Captain had requested that at least 3 shuttles from DS9 were to do routine patrols to keep tabs on anyone approaching.

O'Brian had been selected for the second shift along with Bashir, the two got along well, and O'Brian wanted to get a closer look at some of the UCAF vessels which were in proximity to the station. He wasn't disappointed by the sight of the UCAF ships that much was for sure. Each UCAF vessel was tremendous in size; he couldn't imagine how the UCAF constructed such a massive vessel without some serious resources.

He caught a look at a UCAF cruiser's starboard 'broadships', as he labelled them, the massive barrels of the cannons were the size of the shuttle itself, he couldn't imagine what kind of punishment the cannons could dish out, but it wouldn't be good for whoever was on the receiving end. As they passed to the rear of the vessel, Bashir looked out and added.

"Think they might be compensating for something?" He joked as he pointed at the massive guns.

"I doubt it, considering how many weapons a single ship carries I'm guessing those 'broadships' are standard. Besides I think we're about to pass a smaller ship soon enough." He replied.

As they passed the cruiser, they came into view of what was identified as smaller, it was the smallest vessel that they had recorded, but even so, it was still bigger than a Galaxy-class. The side of the ship had similar batteries placed on the side of the vessel and in positions below; it truly did seem that the ships had this specific type of weapon as standard across the UCAF fleet.

"Well at least 'those' aren't our biggest problem." Bashir added thoughtfully.

"That's true." O'Brian said in agreement.

As their shuttle passed underneath the belly of the ship, they caught sight of the bottom of the ship and its construction, its complex jigsaw puzzle of a construction was emphasised by the numerous structural formations each built in a mass of boxes and blocky shapes to form the body of the ship.

It wasn't necessarily the most amazing sights, but still it was impressive. As they passed beneath, O'Brian asked Bashir.

>"So how was lunch with Dax today?" He asked the doctor.<p>

"You're really asking now?" Bashir gave him a puzzled look.

"Look, we aren't usually alone and since the UCAF, had arrived; well I was hoping to get a chance to talk to you about things in a more private place." O'Brian replied.

"Well as far as you need to know, lunch was good, though Dax seemed more preoccupied with just the UCAF, you know, she's like that, being inquisitive as to the nature of people, the UCAF have so many things that we could learn." Bashir stated thoughtfully.

O'Brian nodded in agreement. "True, but don't you get a slight feeling that these people aren't entirely normal?" O'Brian said in a slightly concerned tone.

Bashir shrugged.

>"My tests indicated that they have augmentations, all of them, if my readings were right, it might be a special case to them, and I'm not sure, but Commodore Vance and his associate." Bashir shivered at the sight of the Helldiver he encountered. "Have both gotten these augmentations at a fairly young age, now I know that doesn't necessarily imply that they are malevolent, but their attitude around everything seems passively hostile." Bashir stated with a slight tone of discomfort and concern.<p>

"Have you told the Captain this yet?" O'Brian asked the doctor.

"I planned to, right after we finish our shift, I'm going to see the Captain personally, I'll have to ask him to gain access on information pertaining to previous generations of augmentations, its part of something I wanted to cross reference with the information I gathered from the UCAF." He stated in a mild tone of fascination.

"Sounds complicated." O'Brian muttered.

"I bet it will be, Starfleet Medical has a habit of classifying the knowledge on augments due to the sensitive nature of what's in its contents." Bashir stated as they passed another UCAF vessel.

"Well good luck on that, I got a few sensors to fix up for the meeting soon, I'm sure Sisko will have me up and about for the next week ragged." O'Brian sighed with a look of discomfort.

XXXXX

AN: Well that's all I have time for, I did plan to have a slightly longer chapter but decided against it, for now things are starting to pick up, and also the story of the UCAF will undoubtedly hit hard with the Federation.

As for everything else? Well I'm making it up as I go, so just wait and read. :D

Oh BTW, if you like crossovers, I have a few new ones coming up.

Stargate ATL/Mass Effect: Apex of Interdiction

Warhammer 40k/Halo: The Arcturus Incident

Stargate SG1/ATL- This is going to be a fantasy story I'm going to base on a manga called: gate - jietai kare no chi nite kaku tatakeri. An awesome mix of fantasy and modern day themes with sci-fi, make the world of fantasy collide with modern Earth. Get ready for war.

New stories which have come out:

Stargate ATL/ Strike Witches- Lots of new stuff to come out for this one, but it's got a good starter, Colonel Sheppard of the United Earth Federation and the fleet of the Pegasus expedition arrive after an accidental dimensional jump at an alternate universe of Earth. Join the crew for a ride of their lives as they battle the Neuroi and try to find a way home.

Also lots of other themes are going to be in this storyâ€¦

End
file.